

A Bitter Victory

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Summary: I think I've abandoned it ... about after the war, Earth hasn't survived, but a few hundred humans have ...

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Disclaimer: None of the Animorphs characters belong to me. They are all property of KAApplegate/ Scholastics books. And I just read Ender's Shadow, so that why I've got the whole Squadron, Toon, Commander, A Toon B Toon C Toon, Special Squad thing going on. Just the mood it put me it. It's not like the plot of the book AT ALL, but the similarities to the book are not a coincidence, but they are an accident.

> Oh yeah, and this is in a couple of years later. The animorphs are 16 or 17. Ojjikay? Sorry, back into the whole Ender's shadow thing. Now, without further adieu, Here it is, my first actual fanfic . . .
<p>

Chapter 1

_ 6 months before . . . _

The Andalites were coming!

> They'd sent a message to Ax. They'd be here within a week. It was a large fleet, and the yeerks could never get in reinforcements in time. Victory was sure!
 But then the yeerks started moving.

> Quickly.
 Within a day they had Jake's parents. Jake moved in with Marco, who's dad was still free.

> Then came Rachel's Mom. And one of her sisters, Sara. Rachel found that Jordan was free, and took Jordan to my house to stay.
 Marco's dad. My parents.

> Everyone's parents and, except for Rachel, whole families, were taken within 4 days. We went to the Hork-Bajir's hidden Valley until the Andalites came.
 Two days later, they came. Oh, yes, they

came. And they won.

> But in the process, they killed almost 95% of the population. Out of 20 people, only one would survive. Now, the air on the earth is unbreathable. The atmosphere is toxic. So, select people; the Hork-Bajir, young, healthy couples, young children, and the Animorphs' living relations. Which amounted to: Jordan. She was the only living family member of any Animorph. All of those people were taken to a new home, to rebuild the human race. The chee were staying on Earth. The air would not hurt them, and they'd re-build for the time when humans came back to Earth.
 All together, there were 634 humans. Enough to keep the human race going. But just barely. And loved ones would not be forgotten easily.

> If they ever would be.
 We were relocated on a planet which was very much like Earth.

> We named it New Earth, which, the way we say it, sounds like Newith. We don't want to be reminded of Earth. Too many sad memories, I guess.
 Which brings me to now.

Cassie

_ Present Day _

It'd been six months. Six months, since the Andalites came, defeating the Yeerks, driving them from Earth, killing billions in the process. Six months since I've seen any family. Six months since I've been at my house. Since I've been at home.

> The only person I have, really, is Jake. The other Animorphs are all great friends, but none of them are really like family. None of them I can love, the way I love Jake, not the way I loved my family.
 The Andalites said that in about 200 years, the fumes now on earth would rise. Things would start to grow again.

> But we won't be alive then.
 "Cassie?" Rachel came into the room. She saw me looking at the photos of my family, and I could see regret in her eyes. But she continued.

> "Um, Cassie, there's a situation with the Yeerks."
 I sat up, a bit wearily. "What?" I asked.

> "Well, you see, they've found out about the location of New Earth, and they plan to attack. There aren't enough people for a big interest in hosts, but they want to destroy it, all the same."
 I sighed. Of course, they wouldn't want us alive. A sign to others, that you can't hide? I didn't know. I was too tired.

> "What do you want me to do about it?" I asked, wearily.
 "Cassie, the Andalites won't be here in time, and we're the only one's who know how to fly a ship. The others, like Mike or Jen, can handle the shuttles, as long as they go two at a time, but the Animorphs, Toby, and Jordan are the only ones who can handle the important controls of the Dome ship the Andalites left for us! We need you, Cassie."

> I groaned, and got up. "Okay, when do we leave?"
 Rachel's lips twisted into a mirthless smile. "Now."

Chapter 2

Rachel

It felt good to get behind the controls of a ship again, a ship that I'd actually launch and maneuver. While we were going to New Earth, some of us, including me, had taken part in the fighting.

> I'd been studying the controls of the Dome ship in case something like this happened since we'd first gotten to New Earth. We were so

suprised when the Andalites left it for us to use, and even more suprised when they'd put seats in and made it comfortable for human use, but I suppose that since we're the only survivors of the human race, then it's a good idea for us to have some means of defense if the Yeerks were to come. Which they did. Come, I mean.
 I placed my hands on the almost-familiar controls, and looked over the console. I searched for the right buttons, and once I found the uppermost red one, I could punch in the controls to lift off without even having to think about it.

> Red, top. Green, top. Blue on bottom, and the blue next to it. The one with that symbol on it. The one that's that color. It was all automatic, now.
 "Rachel!" exclaimed Jake. "Wait a sec! We're not ready to take off yet!"

> "Yes, I know," I said, setting the commands as I spoke. I was rather irritated that Jake thought I'd just lift off when we weren't ready. "I'm setting it to launch as soon as you give the order. All you have to do is to press the top red button on your left. The one with the symbol that looks rather like a percent sign."
 Everyone stared at me.

> "I've got to do something in my spare time, right?" I yelled.

> "Yes, of course." said Jake quickly. "You just startled us, that's all. We had no idea."
 I was expecting a comment from Marco. It never came.

> "Ready to take off?" I asked. As an answer, Jake started looking for the button. He found it, and pressed it, rather cautiously. Ever so slowly, the ship started to rise. I adjusted the controls, and it started rising more quickly. Soon we were into the clouds, and then past them so that we were looking down at New Earth from space. It was beautiful.
 "Wow." said Cassie.

> I agreed. It was breathtaking. There was no smog, of polution, either, making it all the more enchanting.

> Then, I forced my eyes from New Earth to up above. There was nothing there yet, but I knew that soon enough there'd be blood-chilling ships there all too soon.
 "Okay, how about the pilots take off now?" asked Jake.

> Marco pressed in a few controls, and said, "Okay, everyone down there, I know that there's no enemy, but Jake seems to think that there is, so --" Jake gave Marco a poisonous stare.
 "Okay, Okay!" said Marco. "As you probably know, the Yeerks are coming, and we are going to put you through training maneuvers."

> The fighters streamed out. There were about 30 of them, since there were about 60 people the right age, intelligence, and temperment to learn how to fly the fighters. In case of emergency, we'd trained them, a little. There was the commanders(us), the squadron leaders, and then the toon leaders. Mike, Jen, Rivo, Carie, Jason, and Alea were the squadron leaders. They worked in pairs. Under them were the toon leaders, then the regular pilots. We had it all worked out; we just didn't have the training done. Well, we'd have to complete it early. Lots of these people hadn't been in real fighters yet. The differences in the controls from the fighters to the virtual stuff was minor, but still noticeable.
 Most of them performed wonderfully for their first time, but some them were hopelessly lost. They just didn't get it.

> They probably just needed some extra help. I started to compile a list of people who'd need special attention. Some of the squadron leaders could help them, or perhaps I could.
 By the end of the training, most of us were totally exuasted. Exausted physically, emotionally, any kind of tired you could think of. There were a few of the solders who were still energetic, and I started listed them,

too, to see if they would be good for command.

> We knew the yeerks would come in about a week, and in the next few days, the quality of the pilots did improve, drastically. When the yeerks came, we'd be ready for them. We hoped.
 Because no matter what, we lost one home, and we wouldn't lose another.

Chapter 3

Jake

I'd noticed that Rachel was coaching the less competent pilots, helping them along, and advancing the better ones; some of them were children, around 12 years old; but those ones were good, too, some of the very good. If they were good enough for command, then Rachel would pick them out and bring them up.

> Exactly why Rachel was working on this, I wasn't sure- but I noticed that when she gave an order, the pilots were quicker to obey her. It's like they trusted her more. She was forming a bond with them.
 This worked out wonderfully, since her orders were not questioned, and when they were, there was a good reason, and Rachel carefully thought it over and explained why or why not she'd do this. I started telling Rachel my orders, having her convey them. Although this way it took a little longer, it would work out better in the long run.

> Tobias wanted to be one of the fighters. He'd rather hurt the yeerks himself than give the orders. I put him in control of the ship's weapons. He had amazing aim, and deadly accuracy.
 Today was troubling, however. Tomorrow was the time that the yeerks were expected to come, and the pilots seemed nervous. Whenever I gave an order, it took many times before it was completed. Exasperated, I finally gave the control to Rachel, letting her control today's exercises.

> "Okay, everyone!" she said, enthusiastically. "We're going to launch out a fighter," She looked at Marco, who set in controls and nodded to her, "And the C toon is going to shoot it down. The shuttle will be shooting stuns, so any ship that it hits will be frozen. Frozen here is like dead in battle. You try to freeze or destroy the shuttle. Got it? Everyone else, we're throwing out target balls for you to shoot. C toon, pay attention to Helena. Ready?"
 As she gave the signal, Marco launched the shuttle and the target balls. I watched as they edjected into space.

> The 3 fighters of C toon were engaging the shuttle, which was programmed to lock onto the fighters and fire on them. Full of energy, C toon froze in without any casualties. The other groups hit the target balls easily, too; I noticed that nobody was behind anymore, and briefly wondered how much time Rachel was devoting to teaching them. I also realized that she'd had all the components ready for this little lesson-- when and how had she been planning to do this? No matter, she did, and that's what matters.
 It worked wonderfully.

> But just as the exercise was ending, I heard Tobias yell.
 "Look! A blade ship!" he exclaimed. I looked, and indeed there was, with about 60 fighters, outnumbering us 2 to 1.

> No time to get Rachel out of the seat, and me into it. We all understood this, as Rachel started whispering commands into her headset that she'd put on.
 "Squadrons 1 and 2, break and attack, except for A toon of squad 1. You guys, launch the laser cannon at the blade ship. Squadron 3, have toons A and B attack the command deck of the blade ship. C and D, go with the first two squadrons."

> How she could keep track of it all, I don't know. Then I heard her saying something that I'd never heard of before. "Special Squad, use the type C formation that we were experimenting with. Go for the fighters that are getting through. Now!!"
 Some of the best fighters broke off from their squadrons and toons and started a formation that I'd never seen before. It was complex, and very brilliant. It was working, with every one of our "Special Squad" fighters getting many ships without suffering any fatal casualties.

> The stratigy was brilliant, and it was working. That's not what stunned me, though. What had me down was that I'd never seen this before.
 I got angry. Just what was going on behind my back?

Rachel

The battle went well, and the new formations we were practicing were working out beautifully. I was really glad that I'd found and trained the Special Squad, and trained them individually, with extra vigor. They were without a doubt the most talented group that weren't "officers".

> Watching the C formation, I noticed that a few Yeerk ships were coming through. I watched where they were going, then spoke again.
 "Ships 1, 2, and 4, break and do the A maneuver, block 12-15-1. On my mark . . . MARK!" They broke, and headed up the yeerk vessals. They spread out into a triangle, and turned toward the ships. Spinning, making it nearly impossible to shoot them, they fired from their wild spinning. The yeerk ships couldn't lock onto the ships that were spinning, but our ships sure could lock onto them. The yeerk ships over there were distroyed in a matter of seconds. I turned my attention toward the rest of the battle. Squadron 1, toons A, B, and C, go to block 34-0-12. Now! 1 and Squadron 2, D and E toons to block 21-4-32. Await my orders once you're there. Now ABC, Squad 1, fire on the weapons on the Blade ship. Let's see if we can disable them." I paused for a breath, then continued. "Squad 2, D&E, get the engines blown out. Use the laser cannon. On the count of 3. 1 . . . 2 . . . 3! Fire!" They responded beautifully. The weapons and the engines were blown out, leaving the yeerk vessal defenseless. There were a very few Yeerk fighters left, and they were taken out very efficiently by the orders of the squadron and toon leaders. I heard the cheers from the headpiece, and took it off, only to find the battle bridge every bit as loud. Everyone was happy. I ran to Tobias and hugged him. We kissed. It was a happy, giddy, "we did it!" kiss.

> There was one person who wasn't laughing. It was Jake. Uh-oh. I forgot about him. He was probably angry at me for instructing the pilots and organized a special squad. I was waiting to tell him until I'd had more with them, until it was something big, then show him. But they were crucial to the victory, and I had to use them. I hadn't thought that it would get Jake mad. I was too busy watching the tide of the battle and commanding the fighters to think about if Jake would be mad at me. <p>

* * *

Jake

I asked to talk to Rachel privately as soon as the fighters were in and the wounded were taken care of. There were very few wounded, and no dead, an amazingly succussful battle. But right now that was not

what I wanted to talk to her about.

> "Yes?" she asked pleasantly, as soon as she came in.
 "Don't pretend to be innocent, to not know what this is about. Why were you training a special squad without telling me first? You should have told me _ everything that you were doing _! I wanted to KNOW what you were doing with the pilots, NOT be kept in the dark. Rachel, you know better then to do this!"

> Rachel looked irratated. "You always said that you're not really the leader, not really in charge. Was that true? Or were you just saying that to sound good? If you really want to lead us all, and all of what you said is a lie, then I can leave right now. I was going to show it to you once I had something substantial, but I didn't know that I had to tell you every little thing that I did! Yes, so maybe I trained a special squad without telling you. But they were crucial to the victory, and I think you'd rather have that squad then have some dead pilots in the morgue. And I DID NOT need you breathing down my back while I was training them, telling me not to do this and to do that, and I really couldn't train them the way I wanted to. Now if you want me to tell you every detail of what I'm doing, then I can stop training them right now, even if the quality of their fighting goes down. But then, the pilots are more likely to respond to me then to you. Come on, Jake. You need my cooperation more then I need yours."

> "Rachel, if you weren't in the commander's seat then, I wouldn't have know to use the Special Squad. There'd be more dead."
 "If I'd trained them with you second-guessing me, they wouldn't be as effective. We thought that they'd come tomorrow. I would have told you by then. Most likely."

> I had nothing more to say to that little speech.
 "So," she said, "do you have a problem with that?"

> I sighed. I couldn't find anything to say to her, no matter how I tried.
 "Jake, all this time you've been the leader of who? Five kids. You've been leading five kids, all of them kids that you know, except maybe Ax, and you got to know him over time. Maybe you're better then me at that. Maybe you're better then me as far as kids you've known you're whole life. And there were few enough of us that it's easy to get to know us. But when you're commanding a big group of people, you can't lead them the same way. You've got to get to know them, earn their trust, and spend time with them, helping them. They will only trust you if they know you can show them that you care about what happens to them. You have been doing none of the above. Maybe you're better at one kind of leadership. Maybe I'm better at another." She paused, closing her eyes. "I'm not trying to undermine you're authority. You can be the leader, I don't care. But I don't want to have you watching everything I do with our little 'fleet'. I need to do this my own way. Surely you can understand that." And with that, she left.

> Until then, I'd never realized how much she'd changed in the last 4 years. Or how she'd changed. The war had an impact on her, but it wasn't the impact that it'd had on the rest of us. Weighing us down, it'd done quite the oppisite to her. It'd made her stronger, more energetic, more creative and a better thinker, and much more sure of what she can do. And I realized that it wasn't my weighed-down responsibility that New Earth needed if we'd become more active in this war.
 It'd be Rachel's energy, enthusiasm, and creativity.

Chapter 3

Tobias

Jake looked so angry about something. I wasn't sure what. He couldn't've gotten there in time, so Rachel had to do it. And she'd gotten the victory without any casualties. Two to one, _ them. _ No casualties on our side. He couldn't have wanted better! None of us could. So why was he so angry with Rachel?

> But he was angry about something, because he asked to speak to her privately. They'd left, Jake looking grim. Since I wasn't sure what was up, I walked over to the room they were in. I got there just in time to see Rachel storming out.
 "What happened?" I asked Rachel.

> "Jake's mad at me because I didn't tell him that I was training the fleet to the extent that I was. He yelled at me for not telling him about the Special Squad. Like I could train them with him second-guessing me and telling me how to train them! I had to do it myself. I mean, I can kind of see his point of view, but he's the one whose always says that he's not the real leader! He says that he isn't the official leader? So why is he chewing me out for training the fleet that he 'doesn't really lead'?"
 It hadn't occurred to me that she hadn't told him what she was doing with the pilots. "Well, if he was leading the fleet, and--" I started, but Rachel interrupted me.

> "Yeah, yeah, I know, but I did teach them to think for themselves. They're the best ones of the pilots. They could do it themselves. Anyway, we thought that they were coming tomorrow. How do you know that I wouldn've told him by then?"

> "Because," I started, calmly, "you know perfectly well that he'd have no time to learn the formations in a day. He couldn't have used them. So what was going on? How did you know that you would be in command of the pilots? You had to have known. How?"
 Now she started to get impatient.

> "Are you going to yell at me too?"
 "Sorry," I said. "Say, when we land, want to go to my room?" I asked slyly. "We've had a long day," I added, winking.

> Now Rachel smiled. "Sure," she said, forgetting her irritation.
 I grinned.

Jordan

I was still in shock from the way Rachel handled the fleet. She was wonderful! She could keep track of the entire battle in her head. She barked out orders without thinking about it, and they worked out wonderfully, beautifully, couldn't have a better result. She was brilliant. I was filled with awe.

> I was also filled with fear, and nervousness. My sister was wonderful. How would I ever live up her? She's better than I am. At everything. How can I keep up with her?
 _ Relax, Jordan, _ I thought, _ it's not a competition. We can both be heroes. We can all be a success. _

> But even as I thought it, I wasn't sure if I meant it. Would I live my whole life in the shadow of my older sister?.
 I forced that train of thought out of my head. Jealousy was not what I needed right now. I needed to land the dome ship, since Rachel was talking to the pilots. Congradulating them.

> So I punched in the landing sequence. It was not very different from the code for taking off, just a few minor differences. Red, top. Green, top. Blue on bottom, and the blue on top of that one. Then I press the one with a weird symbol on it, on the top lefthand corner, and then I had the controls on manuel. I brought the ship down, marveling again at New Earth. We had a new beginning.
 W e could

re-make Earth. Make it better this time.

> No, I shouldn't have thought about Earth. It still makes me almost cry. Too many memories. Mom. Dad. Sara. My best friends, Catie and Lauren. Everyone that I knew and loved, besides Rachel.
 I had to stop thinking of them.

> But if you don't think of them at all, then they are truly dead. said a little voice deep inside of me. _ You must remember them. How Mom smiled. How Sara laughed. Everything. If I don't remember them, they're truly lost to me. _

> Tears came to my eyes. For I was forgetting. Forgetting the little cackle in Sara's voice. How Dad would seem kind of sad whenever we saw each other. How Mom smelled. The smile that Catie would always have. I was forgetting the people that really mattered to me.
 After six months, I was forgetting the little things; how long would it be before I forgot the bigger things? The big things?

> I forgot that I loved and cared for them at all?
 I shivered. I didn't want that to happen.

> "Jordan? Earth to Jordan?" I heard a voice. I spun around. It was Marco.
 "Thinking deep thoughts?" he asked, amused. How many times did he have to call my name before I'd heard him

> "Sorry." I muttered. "Just thinking."
 "Hey," he said laughing, "don't be sorry about that! There are plenty of people who never do!"

> I had to grin. I looked up. Into his eyes.
 He had the most gorgeous eyes! He was looked straight into my eyes, too.

> I broke my trance. "Okay, I gotta get back to work. Thanks for getting me out of the clouds."
 Marco grinned. "Sure, get back to work. Sorry I bothered you."

> I had too many thoughts. A 15-year-old shouldn't have to deal with this! But then, every human was dealing with it or dead. I wasn't a special case.
 I plotted the ship's course, and set it to autopilot. I leaned back and thought. I had to clear my head. And I had to be on real ground to do that.

Marco

"Jordan?" I'd asked when I noticed that the ship was drifting the wrong way. She didn't answer.

> "Jordan?" I'd asked again. I turned toward her, and she was sitting in her seat, but she wasn't working. "Jordan?" I asked, a little louder. "Are you there?" No answer. I walked up to her and spoke quite loudly. "Jordan?? Earth to Jordan?" I cringed at the wording, but she didn't seem to notice.
 She jumped a little, and turned around. She looked startled. It looked quite funny, to tell you the truth. "Thinking deep thoughts?" I asked.

> "Sorry," she said quietly. "Just thinking."
 "Hey, don't be sorry for that! There are plenty of people who never do." I joked. She smiled a little. She looked into my eyes, with a kind of intensity, a sadness. She was so beautiful. Though not looking at all like her older sister, she had beauty all the same. Our eyes met.

> She looked away. "Okay, I gotta get back to work. Thanks for getting me out of the clouds."
 I decided not to mention that, in order for her to be in the clouds, she'd have to go _ down._ She started punching in commands again. I grinned and walked away.

> I went back to the controls. I had to bring all the fighter ships in and get them to Shuttle Bay 5. I got to it right away, and was done a few minutes before we landed. Everyone gladly got off the ship.
 It felt good to get off of the ship, with fresh air, and grass on the ground, and sky. Oh, did it ever feel good!

> I went back to my house. Nobody knew it, but sometimes I went there

just to cry. What little was left of my family was gone. Nobody.
Of course, everyone had that situation. Even Rachel, for while she had Jordan, she lost her Mom, Dad, sister, and all her other relatives. One family member out of so many helps. But it doesn't make it okay.

> So why was I the only one going to my house to cry?
Or maybe I wasn't. How could I know whether I was the only one or not?

> I sighed. What did it matter if other people cried? Was there some contest to not show your feelings?

> I pulled myself up and forced myself to go for a walk. I walked to the edge of the settlement, where nobody else but me went. It felt nice to get away from everyone. I casually walked up to a tree, and a grabbed onto a branch and pulled myself up. Once I was on the branch, I grabbed up at a higher branch, until I was about 15 feet from the ground. Once I was up there, I just sat and thought, like I normally do. After a little while, I heard someone walking underneath the tree. That was strange since, as far as I knew, I was the only person who ever came out here. I looked down.
It was Jordan.

> I got into a relaxed position, and said "Hey."
Jordan looked up, startled. When she saw that it was me, she relaxed a little. "I thought that I was the only one who came here," she said.

> Swinging down from the tree in one move, I was standing in front of her in seconds. "Yeah, me too," I said, grinning. "So. Why do you come here?"
She looked a little wistful. "To think." she said quietly.

> "Really? I thought that you'd done enough thinking when you're working on the ship," I joked.
"I seem to have a lot more to think about then I did a year ago." Her voice had gotten so quiet that it was practically a whisper.

> "I know what you mean," I said, lowering my voice a little. "Only, for me, I've had plenty to think about for 4 years."
"To think that all that time I didn't even know . . . what Rachel . . ." She looked into my eyes. "What all of you were going through, what all of you were sacrificing." She bit her lip.

> "Hey, hey!" I said. "There were six of us. There were about, say, 6 billion other people besides you who weren't fighting. Besides the Controllers, but there were more people not knowing what was happening then people who knew."
"But it was happening right in my own house! I was right there, when Rachel started leaving, when she'd never been home, I could have followed her, could have found out!"

> "So could the families of controllers, when they started leaving a lot."
There were tears forming in Jordan's eyes. "But that's different. They're all dead!" she wailed.

> So that's what was bothering her. "So you feel guilty for being alive." I said, finally understanding.
"No . . . that's not what . . . what I mean is, they paid the price. When I was just as ignorant, why did I live and them die?" She was close to tears.

> I put my hands on her sholders. "Jordan." I said, softly. "Don't feel guilty for being alive. Don't think you should have died. You can't think that way. You did survive. Everyone here did. And not all of those people," I pointed to the general direction of the town, and then grabbed grabbed her sholders, "knew and suffered. You're not the only one. And it is not your fault that you lived. And it's not you're fault that they died." I was shaking her shoulders a little for emphasis. Tears were streaming down her face now.

> She seemed to feel a little better, but not much. "It just doesn't seem very fair."
"Death is never fair. It's not fair when a little kid gets pnemonia and dies from that; it's not fair that anybody dies. Even old people, with long lives behind them; it's not

fair that they die either." I paused a second. "But," I whispered, "It is fair that people live."

> She looked at me for a moment. Then she laughed. She was crying as she did it, and it wasn't a very happy laugh. But it was a laugh.
 "What?" I asked, not getting the joke.

> "Oh, nothing much," said Jordan. "Just that Rachel would never believe that you'd say stuff like that. You know, that you could be that solomn and not crack a single joke. And NO, don't ruin that record now. You will not make a joke."
 "No jokes," I said, bowing, "just for you." She grinned, obviously feeling better.

> I grinned too. <p>

Chapter 3

Rachel

After giving the pilots a little congratulations, which kinda turned into a pep rally, I decided to take Tobias up on his offer and went to his room. As I expected, he was there.

> "Hey, I said, smiling at him as he looked up from the-- what was that? oh, the book-- that he was reading.
 "Hey, Rach!" he said, putting the book away. "How're the pilots doing?"

> "Excited, happy, but," I said, a bit wearily, "a bit too cocky. I can't figure out how to drive that out of them. Sureness of themselves is one thing; being overly confident might lead them to laziness, which might make them not work as hard as they should, being sure that they can win, no matter what. I thin--"
 My speech was interrupted by him kissing me, preventing me from speaking any more. When we pulled apart, I grinned, and exclaimed, in mock amazement, "Why, Tobias, if I didn't know any better, I'd think that you didn't want to hear about the attitudes of the fleet!" I exclaimed.

> "Then," he said softly, "I'd say that I can hear it later." He started to kiss me again, and this time I really kissed back. I pulled back, after about 15 seconds. I'm not sure why. Tobias instantly looked embarrassed.
 "I'm sorry, Rachel . . . I really wasn't thinking . . . I'm just--"

> "Oh," I said laughing, "shut up."
 Glad that I wasn't angry with him, Tobias smiled. "I just thought--"

> "Tobias," I said, in mock surprise, "you should know by not not to try and predict me." To prove my poing, I then kissed him again.
 "Yes, I should," he said when we pulled apart. I looked at my watch, and gave a cry.

> "Jeez! How the time flies! I've got to get going!"
 "You haven't been here ten minutes!" He exclaimed.

> "Sorry, but with all that's going on, I've got a lot to do. There's no chance that the yeerks won't come back, with heavier forces then last time.

> "We just got back from space!" He said. "Another expedition so soon?"
 "Well, they really do need the practice."

> "Or maybe you're just going to see another guy!" he joked.
 "Oh, yeah!" I said, joking back at him. "They all line up for me!"

> "I can believe it," he whispered. We kissed, then I pulled away.
 "Tobias," I said, giving him a Look. "The fleet."

> "Yeah, go." he said, waving goodbye.
 "Tobias," I said, "this meeting is for all of the fleet; you've got to come too."

> "Fine." he groaned. "Be there in a minute."<p>

To Be Continued . . .

_ Okay, it wouldn't have ben a To Be Continued, but the writing program deleted half of my fic(grrrrrrr), and started to close the program every 10 letters/spaces I wrote(grrr), so I couldn't rewrite the end of the story having to open and then close it so much; it'd take forever to write anything. But the next part will be out soon .

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End
file.